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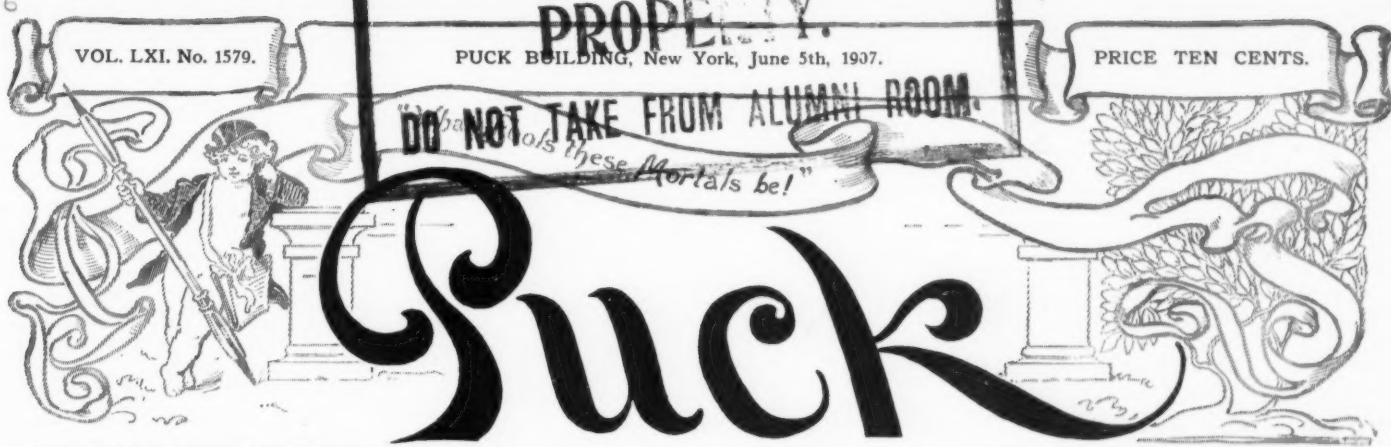
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.

VOL. LXI. No. 1579.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, June 5th, 1907.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.
Do not take these Mortals be!



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Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE CHARLIEBEAR.

DEvised BY THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT OF THE FAIRBANKS BOOM, TO COUNTERACT THE ALARMING POPULARITY OF THE TEDDYBEAR.



KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1579. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1907
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THEN, TOO, there are deliberate and unqualified animaliers.

IF MR. BRYAN would like a really live and popular issue to do business on we suggest Government Ownership of Weather, local and interstate. Listen to what the people are talking about, Mr. Bryan, and get next.

AN ADVERTISEMENT of a current novel contains the astonishing information that "when the *New York Times* reviews a book favorably it is worth reading." We had no idea that *all* the new books were worth reading.

THIS SHOULD be a remarkably prosperous year for fashionable tailors. Report has it that their patrons are ordering only one suit of clothes when formerly they ordered three.

POSSIBLY Mr. Roosevelt can bite through a barrel into a grapefruit. If he can't, the feat is impossible.

CRITICISM of dilatory procedure in the criminal courts in this country, however justifiable in itself, should not be supported by reference to a supposed superiority in England which does not exist when the comparison is made between cases of like character.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Does the right of appeal exist in England? May a convicted person obtain a new trial on a technicality?

"PEOPLE ARE growing honest," says Secretary Root. The shrieks you hear on every hand proceed from "growing pains."

THE JABBERWOCK.

'Twas SETON and the Thompson toves
Did Long and London in the wabe.
All Roberts were the borogoves
And the whole bunch outgrabe.

It is only common charity to assume that the Rev. Mr. Long really believes the remarkable nature yarns that he writes. But that isn't any reason for permitting them to be used in the public schools. If entertainment is the purpose we should prefer Baron Münchhausen.

BERLIN has a midnight paper, and Berlin thinks that is going some. But our yellows have their midnight editions on the street before the milkman has finished his rounds.

"It is simply for Mr. Bryan to say the word," says George Fred Williams. Say the word then, Willum. There are only two letters in it. Say it, and all will be forgiven.

WHY DO so many men select Simeon Ford's hotel for purposes of suicide? Do they read his jokes?

ABE HUMMEL threatens to write a book when he gets out. He should be enjoined. Roland Molineaux is about all we can stand.

THERE IS not one organ of the body but yields pleasure.—*The Rev. Dr. Hillis*.

The appendix, for example.



And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the silly bust of Willie, just above my chamber door.

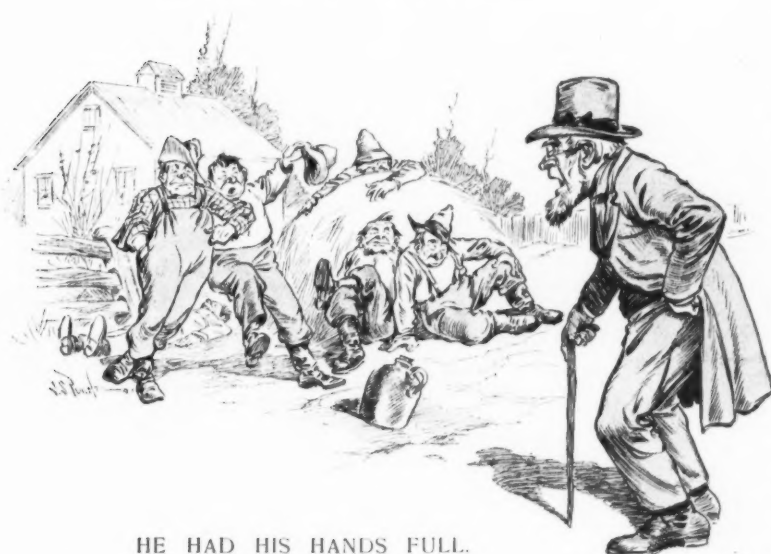


"BEYOND THE ALPS LIES ITALY."

NAPOLÉON. — There it goes again! I hear it every June! *Sacre Blen*, I wish I'd never said it!

"NATURE FAKERS."

MADAME, a word with you: You have a son —
Or daughter, haply — of a tender age.
Beware of "nature books," their teachings shun;
For falsehood lurks on each alluring page.
Madame, for love of grace, protect your child
From "nature fakers" — Varners of the Wild.



HE HAD HIS HANDS FULL.

From one especially — a faker who
Draws the Long bow with a peculiar unction.
His tales, absurd and monstrously untrue,
Avoid, "as you would plague or Peter Funk shun."
The rhyme is Phelps': the sentiment, of course,
Is His whose every dictum we indorse.

Wolves do not sting their victims on the nose,
Says One who's closely studied wolfish
actions;
Arithmetic is not the forte of crows,
And rabbits really have no head for fractions.
Our President, in righteous anger, jumps on
The yarns (God save the rhyme!) of Seton-
Thompson.

Conceive the disappointment of a child
Who, fed on Roberts or Münchhausen
Long,
Finds, when he comes to study creatures
wild,
Each idea upside down, each notion
wrong.
Behold the fell work of these mischief-makers,
And shield the little ones from "nature fakers."

"Are there," you ask, "no truthful volumes penned? —
What shall I give my daughter or my son?"
Yes, Madame: we can safely recommend
The absolutely truthful books of One
Who 'mong the lit'ry minnows looms a Triton:
T. Roosevelt, our Admirable Crichton. B. L. T.



Courtship naturally goes along more briskly and comfortably than marriage.
The sparkler is netter.

LETTERS FROM LIVING PUBLISHERS.

MADE IMPOSSIBLE ONLY BY THE DEADNESS OF THE AUTHORS.

I.

HOMAS DE QUINCEY, Esq.,
GRASMERE COTTAGE,
WESTMORELAND, England.

Dear Sir:—At the outset, we are going to say frankly that your book, "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," is, despite its attractive title, a disappointment to us.

We were led, and the intelligent public would be similarly led—or misled—to expect that your "Confessions" would be full of spicy readings. On the contrary, it is the confession of a publisher that we cannot tell what you are driving at. Your style is entirely too literary; but that is beside the point. We expected the lid of the under-world to be lifted, and thrilling and exciting incidents to be introduced—and all treated in a brisk, snappy, rattling phraseology, with as few words of more than one syllable as possible. Instead you give us a work which is neither a skit nor a treat. No one would ever leave off the use of opium as a result of reading it (for no one would ever read it), so that we cannot even use it for our Sunday-school library trade.

In conclusion, we must add that the book is rather depressing. Where we looked for breeziness, we are confronted with bad dreams. We therefore return the MS., with regrets and C. O. D. express charges, and subscribe ourselves,

Your obedient servants, SCREED & SCURRY.

II.

MISS MARY ANNE EVANS,
CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA, England.

Dear Madam:—We regret to be obliged to return, by outgoing express, all three of the novels which you submitted to us in MS. together—"The Mill on the Floss," "Middlemarch," and "Romola."

There is absolutely no market at present for this sort of thing. Novels of character-drawing are not wanted nowadays; and although your work is not without interest, we do not feel encouraged to undertake its publication.

With deep regret, we remain yours faithfully,
CROCODYLE TIERS & CO.

P. S.—It occurs to us that there is some hope for "Romola," as historical novels still sell. Try cutting out all the religion—and indeed most of the ethics—put in more sword-play instead of so much analysis; find out the Italian for "Gadzooks" and use it frequently—and we will be glad to reconsider our decision.

C. T. & Co.

III.

MR. W. M. THACKERAY,
KENSINGTON PALACE
GARDENS, LONDON, Engl.

Dear Thack:—You know how badly I feel to return anything of yours. But, really, the "Newcomes" is too flat. You yourself can't pretend the story has a particle of plot. The old Colonel might do, if he were a Virginia or Kentucky one, and had a negro body-servant—and if you had Clive and

Ethel (still cousins) on opposite sides during the Civil War. But, come to think of it, the story isn't worth all that trouble.

I'm being brutally frank, just as I was when I returned "Henry Esmond." I hear several other publishers have said of that exactly what I declared,—that it hasn't the first elements of a historical novel. Why, you can understand the characters' conversation without a bit of trouble! And you haven't any notion of a heroine. They always have the morals of Cæsar's wife and the manners of Socrates's. Lady Castlewood is too dead amiable, and as for Beatrix, she's spitefire enough, but the only lover she ever once spurns with all the magnificence of her womanhood is poor old Hen himself. A dead failure. Stick to that cynical society vein, my boy—people like it—and give us another "Vanity Fair."

Your old friend and publisher,
PECKY DERM.

IV.

MR. JOHN MILTON,
CHALFONT, BUCKS, England:

Dear Sir:—It gives us great pleasure to announce that we cordially accept your poem, "Paradise Lost," subject to certain minor changes.

Leaving the question of pecuniary terms to be discussed later, we will at once outline the nature of these changes. Of course the poem will need to be considerably shortened. Then Lucifer absolutely must be made a humorous character, and you could do some good comedy work with the lesser devils. Eve should

be made more coquettish, and keep Adam guessing a little more. He (Adam) is rather too didactic, dogmatic and masterful, and needs pruning down. Of course we recognize that both characters are truer to life as they stand, but the other is a literary convention to which we unflinchingly defer.

We notice you have introduced some theology into your work. This is not a bad thing, provided you make it sufficiently unorthodox and startling to attract denunciation from the pulpit. Please follow out this suggestion.

All these changes can be made here at the office, if you prefer. We are considering the possibility of throwing the whole thing into dramatic form, and producing it on the stage, with infernal and heavenly ballet, realistic menagerie and fiery sword effects, etc. You will be advised as to this later.

Warmly complimenting you upon your literary genius, we are
Very truly yours,
HUSSELL & WHISKEM.

P. S.—Please send us personal particulars, with especial and touching reference to your blindness,—which we intend to work for all it is worth—and any reminiscences of



GETTING HIS.

HOTEL CLERK (*familiarly*).—Howdy, Pete! Got a nice room reserved for me?

ST. PETER (*severely*).—Sorry, but we're all full, sir. Can give you a cot on a cloud.



PERFECTED AT LAST.

ALGY (*after driving off*).—D'yer know, old chap, now that we're using autos, that golf is a ripping good game. The only weak point about it before, y' know, was the demned walking.

PUCK



THE ORANG-OUTANGS.

SAID TO BE THE FIRST OLD FAMILY TO HYPHENATE ITS NAME.

Oliver Cromwell you may recall. Please also send us snapshot photograph of yourself dictating to your daughters, to be used in connection with a reading ad. H. & W.

V.

HOMER,

BEGGARS' LANE, some one of the Seven Cities.

Dear Sir:—Although we appreciate what you say of your financial straits, we are unable to aid you by producing your poem, "The Iliad." It is not sufficiently original. When, too, it has not enough bloodshed, fighting, burning, etc., to commend it to our lady readers, who, as you know, constitute the chief patrons of poetry. In the same connection we may mention that the morals of the character called Helen might give offence. One of our firm suggests the possible leaving out of Helen, but upon consideration we believe it better to return the MS. We have paid the postage.

Sympathetically yours, COLDWATER & CO.

VI.

SENOR MIGUEL CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA,
MADRID, Spain.

Sir:—We seldom take any notice of letters, however scurrilous, from disappointed authors, whose MSS. we have returned.

Your letter apropos of our rejection of your "Don Quixote de la Mancha," however, requires a curt and dignified reply. We emphatically deny that we have no sense of humor. If "Don Quixote" had been a humorous work we should have known it. We are always glad to publish anything really funny, but we think we know the taste of the public in this matter. You yourself admit your failure, by calling your hero The Knight of the Rueful Countenance. Your whole book is perfectly ridiculous. If it is humor, it must be strictly local or Spanish humor, such as is not likely to appeal to a large or cultured circle of readers.

Trusting that you now consider yourself sufficiently answered, we are

Yours indignantly,

SOLOMON SPURNEM & SON.

Louise Betts Edwards.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"FRANKLY, NO," replied the superintendent of the street railway, who had been summoned before the board of directors to explain certain irregularities. "The service is not what it ought to be. But what am I to do? It is virtually impossible to get the public to complain when they are accommodated, and unless I find out about this by accident, I can take no steps to vindicate the rules of the company. Spotters are no great reliance. They will detect an occasional courtesy on the part of a conductor or motorman, if it is very flagrant, and that is all. If the men are not at all sly, they can, if they choose, be tolerably considerate of the comfort and convenience of patrons, with virtual impunity, and they know it only too well. I see nothing for it but to bide our time, until we shall have been able, by laborous selection, to make up a force comprising only such persons as are naturally disposed to be disagreeable. Perhaps I am too sanguine, but I believe that within twenty years, or such a matter, it would be possible to gather together as many genuine brutes and boors as would be needed to man our cars. That, it is true, is looking rather far ahead, to a time when we shall all perhaps be dead, but as the servants of a perpetual corporation, are we not bound to do that very thing?"

OUTSIDE AND IN.

THE circus bills loom glaringly
Upon the city's walls;
We look upon them staringly—
The pleasure never palls;
And to us all ensnaringly
The greatest-on-earth calls.
And yet we know
That in the show
Some things don't go
As pictured. No.

We dream, too, entertainingly
Of what life has in store;
We struggle on enchainingly
To get up to the fore,
And hope—perhaps complainingly—
That some day we'll have more.
Yet of that hope
We know the scope
Is largely dope.
It won't come. Nope.

H. L. W.

IN INDIANA, however, most of the people would rather write than be President. Such is the effect of the literary atmosphere.



ON THE VENETIAN WATER WAGON.

In other days Aladdin rubbed the lamp to get results. Now, about the best most of us can do is to hit the pipe.

I Remember, I Remember.



I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was shorn,
The little widow's house where we
Played bridge till early morn;
She begged me not to leave so soon—
What could I do but stay?
But now I kick myself because
She'd such a winning way.

I remember, I remember
The glasses' tuneful clink,
But I really can't remember
How much I had to drink;
With love and wine my head was full
That is so heavy now,
And much cracked ice 'twill take to cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white
On cheeks I thought 'twere Heaven to kiss—
And asked her if I might;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know how much of truth was in
Her answer—"Foolish boy!"

J. Adair Stravoson.

THE RISE OF FRANKLIN HEATER.

WHEN FRANKLIN HEATER bought his first commutation ticket on the New Haven Railroad he was a resident of Mount Vernon. Heater got into the habit of playing whist in the smoking-car, and when the man beside him proposed a quarter bet, "just to make it interesting," Heater smilingly assented. And he always won.

Mount Vernon is only twenty minutes distant from New York, and there was never time for more than one game. It occurred to Heater that if he lived twice as far his takings at whist would be twice as large. So in the Spring he moved to Port Chester.

Up to this time Heater had played "straight whist," but from Port Chester eastward the popular game among the commuters was "bid whist," a variety invented by Pop Hollenbecker of Darien. Bid whist involves "set-ups," or penalties for failing to score the number of points bid. At twenty-five cents a game of twenty-five points, with ten-cent set-ups, Heater each trip usually collected from seventy-five cents to a dollar.

The following Spring Heater moved still farther down the road. Between Stamford and New York there was opportunity for four games. With the new crowd, too, the stakes were higher, and, playing morning and evening, Heater frequently won in a day as much as six dollars. While his luck continued phenomenal, his game had improved. Such experienced players as Huffington and Lynch and "Shorty" Warford were glad to have him for a partner.

Stamford was not the commuting limit, but there were few

games beyond that point; so Heater decided to give up his regular business and devote his entire time to bid whist, his commutation ticket permitting him to ride all day on the road if he pleased. At the end of a year he had made enough money to buy a fine piece of property on one of the ridges overlooking Long Island Sound.

During the past six months many inquiries after Heater have been made. His face, grave, impassive, is no longer seen in the New Haven smokers; the triumphant thud of his knuckles is no longer heard on the whist-boards.

Heater's friends will be interested to know that he is now doing business in the smoking-room of the Kaiser Wilhelm, and that he is rumored to be a side-partner of "Doc" Owens. He has also become interested in art; and whenever a Gainsborough, or a Titian, or some other priceless old master, is missing from its frame the police would as soon have his opinion on the matter as Pat Sheedy's.

B. L. T.

OFF THE SCENT.

THE FOX.—No fox hunter ever gets on my trail.

THE CROW.—No? How so?

THE FOX.—I room with a pole-cat; that's how.

Never fish for compliments unless you have the right kind of bait.

PUCK



THE GIBSON GIRL.

AN EARLY EXAMPLE, DRAWN FOR PUCK IN 1887, AND NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

THE ICONOCLAST.



It, one by one, the idols that I worshipped in my youth
Are falling, crushed and broken, by iconoclastic truth
The images I thought were gold are scattered in
the dust,
Or if they haven't tumbled yet they very shortly
must.

I've learned that Shakespeare did not write the
works that bear his name;
Of other authors, too, I'm sure that we can prove
the same.

Each book, we find, is stolen, when we carefully explore,
From some one else who stole it from somebody else before.

That tale about bold William Tell, who bravely faced the foe,
They say is all an idle yarn—it never happened so.
And Pocahontas did not save the life of Captain Smith,
That's such a pretty story, too, I'm sorry it's a myth.

The fable of the hatchet and the cherry-tree is one
Of many pleasant fictions we have tied to Washington,
Who never crossed the Delaware nor camped at Valley Forge;
He did not fight the British and there was no bad King George.

And Yankee Doodle, so they say, did not ride into town:
It's all a piece of buncombe and we've got to put it down.
There never was a lurid flame that lit a battle wreck,
And no boy ever tried to stand upon a burning deck.

I'll show that Mary never had a lamb as some have said,
And demonstrate that poor Old Grimes, you've heard of, isn't dead;
And as an idol-smasher I shall take extreme delight
In proving everything is false, including this I write.

Nixon Waterman.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

THE fact that Priam was closeted with the adjuster did not
prevent Cassandra from dropping in to say that she had told
him just how it would be.
"She was all I saved," murmured the burnt-out Monarch, jerk-
ing his thumb at the retiring Prophetess.
"Say no more," rejoined the other. "We'll call the loss total,

and if I could make it any more than that, old man, I'd do it,
under the circumstances."

This incident shows the value
of a word spoken at the right
time.

NOBILITY.

THERE was a moment of
profound silence. He
was the first to speak.

"You are richer than
I am," he faltered, with
emotion.

She bowed her head,
replying nothing. But
now the true nobility of
his character manifested itself.

"Yet for all that I am no
better than you are!" he cried, and folded her to his breast.

And when, her conscience accusing her, she tried to tell him
that not only her father but four of her uncles were Pittsburg bil-
lionaires, he sealed her lips with kisses, and would hear nothing.



THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

MR. DAMRICH.

IF you ask him to tell you how much he is worth
With a laugh he will try to evade it.
But you'll stir up his anger and cut off his mirth
Should you ask him, instead, how he made it.

EACH AFTER HIS KIND.

GREENROOME.—I've played to full houses, every night for a week,
and never got a hand.

GREENCLOTH.—And I've played hands, every night for a
week, and never got a full house.



COMFORTING REFLECTION.

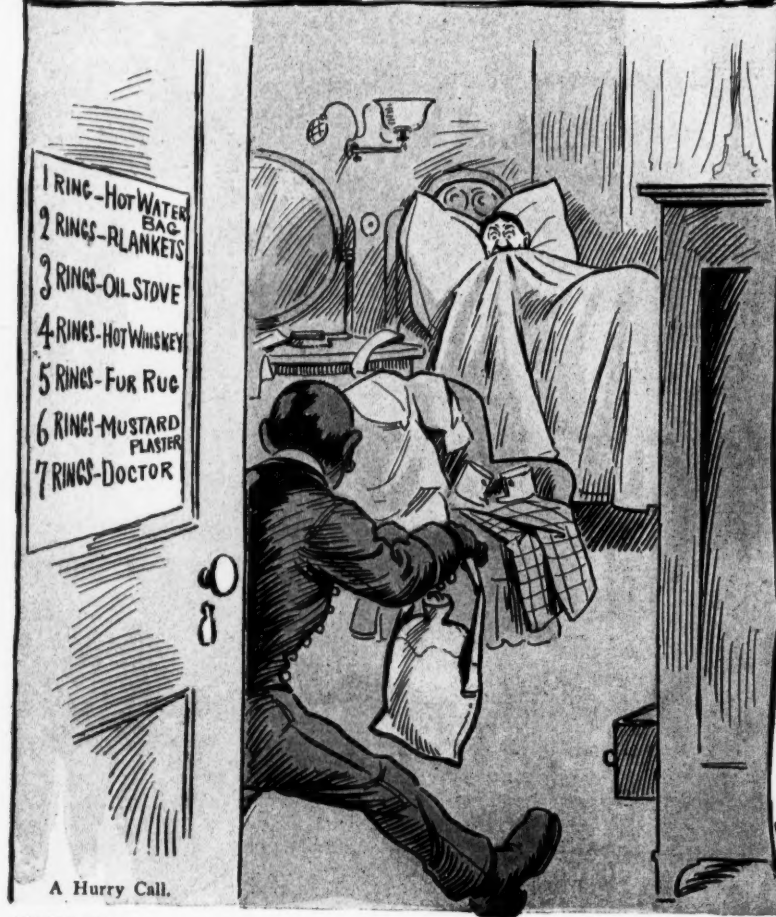
Old Mother Hubbard had gone to the cupboard and of course had found
it quite bare.

"I suppose then," said the Poor Dog, "that I don't get anything."

"Oh, yes," said the Old Lady; "you have the advantage of knowing
that you are living in a time of unexampled prosperity."



At the Fizz Fountain.



A Hurry Call.

THE PUCK PRESS



Steam Heated Surf.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN AT THE SEASHORE IF SUMMER



SUMMER IS AS COLD A PROPOSITION AS SPRING.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI



"Anyway, there ain't any mosquitos."



An Interrupted Proposal.

PUCK

WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

WHEN hearts are trumps no hearts have I,
But does my visage testify?
Though black my hand with many a spade
I play the game until it's played,
And then I smile, perhaps, or sigh.

But ah, Miss Madcap, when your eye
Swiftly meets mine ere you reply
To my poor lead, the players fade
When hearts are trumps.

On goes the game, and by and by
I ravel out my thoughts awry,
But this one lingers: If a maid
Holds all your heart, why be afraid
To claim her hand, at least to try,—
When hearts are trumps?

George Herbert Clarke.

AS IT WAS (TYPE-)WRITTEN.

"THE secret of success, Miss Robinson," said Mr. Blivers to his stenographer one morning, is to keep abreast of the times. Now, the phonograph is certain, sooner or later, to come in general use for business dictation purposes, and I propose to adopt it. The phonograph company have sent me a machine on trial and I shall begin at once. I am going to dictate a letter into it now and you will typewrite it directly from the machine, just as you hear it—every word—you can make it repeat as slowly as you want to—and bring it to me to sign or correct it if necessary. You see, it avoids all mistakes in reading your shorthand notes."

Miss Robinson welcomed the idea with enthusiasm and Mr. Blivers retired into his inner office and with his new and beautiful instrument on the desk before him began his dictation. His office-boy and head clerk were obliged to interrupt him occasionally, but in a comparatively short time he had finished his letter and soon afterward Miss Robinson laid the type-written copy on his desk. This is what he read:—

BRIGGS AND BRIGGS CO., RIVERDALE, Michigan.

Dear Sirs:—Um! Um! Er—Yours of the 14th inst. received and contents noted. Come in! Hold on a moment till I shut this machine off—received and contents noted. In regard to your claim for allowance for goods



TIME FLIES.

YOUNG OSTRICH.—Good morning, Auntie. Haven't seen you for some time.

AUNTIE OSTRICH.—Goodness! How the young ones do grow! I remember you when your neck wasn't eight inches long and you hadn't sense enough to bury your head in the sand.



ASK HIM

FEMALE PICNICKER.—Look, Charley! There comes a man from a balloon!

HER COMPANION.—I wonder what he wants with us.

damaged—Come in! No, I won't see him! I've told you I don't want any "Libraries of Literature."—Well, you ought to know—Clear out!—er—er—goods damaged—Oh, the devil! Come in! Make him the same price as the last. Yes—to those Briggs and Briggs people. They're trying to skin us, of course, but I've got to—Gee! I haven't stopped it—Er—Umph! Claims for damaged goods—Come in! Hallo, Charlie! Glad to see you! Yes, it's a phonograph—sure enough—Sure! Well, I guess it *does* work! The salesman said—By um! It's going now! Wait till I shut—Leave out that last when Mr. Smithers came in, Miss Robinson, if you please. Now we're off!—In regard to your claims for goods damaged in transit, we shall of course make the proper—Come in! What the deuce do you mean by butting in here all the time? You want to go to the ball game? Well you can't! Durn it! I didn't shut—We shall of course allow you a proper—Da—Come in! Yes, of course! Hold on till I shut—Hello! Hello! Are you there, Miss Robinson? Ha! ha! I was thinking it was a telephone. Leave that out. Well—um—Wasn't that all? Anyhow, we can add anything afterwards—leave a space—Yours very truly—bring it to me to sign, of course. Now, how did he say to take it out? Oh! I haven't stop—

"Miss Robinson," said Mr. Blivers, "I have no doubt we shall do admirable after a little practice, but for the present,—have you your shorthand book with you? Well, take this letter.

"BRIGGS AND BRIGGS CO.,—

J. W. M.

A millionaire's wealth can be estimated by the alimony he pays and the taxes he dodges.

RECREATIONS OF RAILROAD MEN.

Oscar G. Murray, of the Baltimore & Ohio, takes a yearly trip to Europe. He is fond of club life and society.

James McCrea, president of the Pennsylvania, will see Europe afoot, with his two sons, this summer.

E. H. Harriman will give most of his time to his 30,000-acre estate at Arden, N. J.

President Underwood, of the Erie, is given to yachting and automobile. About three days a week find him cruising in the lower bay or off the Jersey coast.

George J. Gould will spend most of the summer in Europe. He is giving up polo as a recreation as he says he is too busy with big matters to think much of the game.

James J. Hill will go to Labrador on his ocean-going steam yacht, to fish for salmon. George F. Baker, president of the First National Bank, will join in the sport. — *News Item.*

CONSIDERABLE publicity is being given to the recreations of railroad presidents. Perhaps the reading public would like to know how a few of the railroad employees recreate:

"Jim" Lattier, car-knocker, after a day's work takes healthy and invigorating exercise by tramping about the city for half the night leaving hurry calls for sleeping engineers.

Patrick Cummings, engineer, after five consecutive trips enjoys nothing better than 19¾ hours work hauling "pulls" from the factory yards.



Geo. Bressier, fireman on No. 2323, whiles away the greater portion of his time throwing culm in the fire maw of a "hog" engine. He likes nothing better of a stormy night than a trip over the coal cars to the caboose to wake up the conductor.

H. H. Lewis, train dispatcher, hasn't taken any sleep in three weeks. He donned his first long pants this spring and expects a few hours rest next month.

Billy Billings, night doorkeeper, takes his exercise every evening by doing the janitor work about the station.

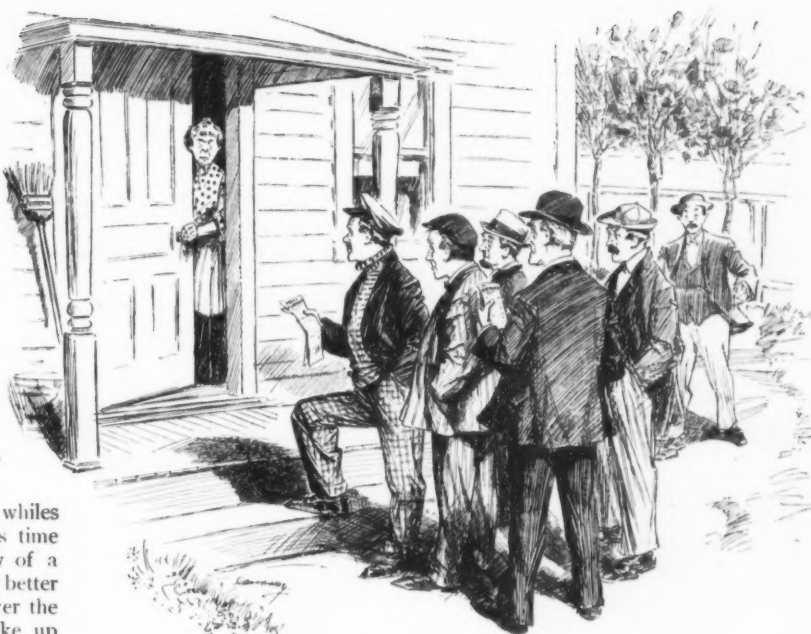
C. V. Allen, yardmaster, is much given to walking; for fourteen hours a day he tramps between the station and the freight yards directing his work. The company recognizes the keen delight Allen takes in these two mile strolls and will not spoil his recreation by supplying a telephone and a helper.

Mert. Dady, section foreman, spends eleven months of the year traveling. He was notified yesterday to be ready in three minutes with his gang for a hurry job near Cohoes.

Claude Morrow, ticket chopper can be found at home nights. He gives most of his spare time to the monthly report which was never known to balance without "pocket-aid" in any ticket office.

Mrs. Dobbie, matron at the Union Station, gives much attention to light literature. Aside from her regular duties she has to take care of the news stand.

The company has announced the time for the brakemen's vaca-



THE BILLS BEFORE THE HOUSE.

THE HIRED GIRL (to the butcher, grocer, baker, fishman, ice-man and druggist).— Oi towld the Missus yez wor here, but she says fer yez t' sit down on the steps till the milkman comes, when she'll see yez all tergether.

tions. They will not go to Canada trout fishing. Brakemen of Nos. 2, 8, 71, 32 and 51 will have off the first week in March and the others the last week in November — without pay.

Frank Gibson, the towerkeeper, enjoys the jokes in the time tables and book of rules. He likes a "night tick" in a tower station 28¾ miles from any building.

Case. Devere, station agent, takes great interest in getting ready for an annual hunt at Mirror Lake, but the substitute never shows up until the hunting season is over.

The baggagemen and express employees play a match game of base ball Sunday afternoons when they do not have to work. No games have been played this season.

Harry Conway, brass pounder, delights in a vacation in the Adirondacks. He goes every summer and as regularly the company telegraphs for him to report back to work immediately after he gets in camp.

Jake Steinway, conductor, takes comfort in spending an occasional evening with his family in this city.

Don. C. Shafer

SOME SPEAKERS AT THE HAGUE PEACE CONGRESS.



COUNT BASIL SWATSKI who will discuss "The Practicability of Substituting Confetti for Bullets in Modern Warfare."



THE GRAND DUKE KNOCKEROFF BLOCKOVITCH who will speak on "The Proposal to Give a Retreating Army Two Days' Start Before Pursuing."



FREIHERR FRITZ VON KUGELPRESSER who will read a paper on "Moral Suasion versus Brute Force in Cavalry Charges."



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AND
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A CHICAGO woman has informed her husband that she hates him "with the hissing hate of hell." Evidently she has been taking in some of the cheap melodramas in that melodramatic town. —*Washington Post*.

White Rock

"The Champagne of Waters"

FRANCE is going to live within her income. That is always the world's resolution when the world goes broke.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A PROPHET out in Montana declared that the world would come to an end May 13. No doubt he is both glad and disappointed—with a little stronger emphasis on the glad.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



TWO OF A KIND.

MILDRED.—If I ever marry, it will be to a fast young man.
CRABBED AUNTIE.—Doubtless; and he won't have to slow up any to get you.

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.

A LOT of small cities are talking up pertly about wanting the national conventions. It is amusing and it does no harm.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

MRS. ELIJAH DOWIE is now running a boarding house, and it is likely that she will find more profit in that than she found prophet in her husband.—*Washington Post*.

ONE day when the Northern soldiers were marching through the South they saw an old woman hanging clothes on a line. A soldier, who needed a pair of socks, took a pair from the line. "You will have to pay for them," she said. The soldier asked her when. She said, "On judgment day." "Oh, if you are going to trust me that long, I will take another pair," the soldier replied, helping himself.—*The Argonaut*.

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Whiskey



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VIEWED FROM MARS.

After years of effort the scientist was certain that Mars was wigwagging. An expert in the code was summoned hastily, while the throng waited breathlessly.

The silence was broken as the expert read, "Your canal looks to us like thirty cents."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

AN Omaha man boasts that he has not been sick since he let his whiskers grow, thirty-five years ago. But he must have missed a lot of close shaves. —*Detroit Free Press*.

THE SENIORS' GOWNS.

"Oho," the learned Senior quoth—
He laughed right merrily
As he clad himself in his dusky robe;
"Tis a life of ease for me!

"No more must I quite early rise
To give my trousers creases,
No more need I the tailors hire,
My laundry bill now ceases.

"This black-hued robe doth hide all
well,
And doth conceal the way I'm
dressed;
A dirty shirt, an unpressed suit,
And shineless shoes, I'll don with
zest."

L'ENVOI.

The moral of this tale I'll tell,
The lesson now begins;
A senior's gown doth cover well
A multitude of sins.

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

JOHN JAMESON

THREE

STAR

WHISKEY

Your guest
knows he gets the
best when
offered Jameson.

Sole Agents
W. A. Taylor & Co.
New York

Pears'

"Just soap," is good
enough for some, but most
women insist on having
Pears'. Ask some girl with
a good complexion—why?

Sold by the cake and in boxes.

ONE DAY we hear that the Cuban tobacco crop is an unusually heavy one, and then we hear that it is short. But the Connecticut crop can always be relied upon to fill up deficiencies—and swell totals. —*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

DR. MADISON PETERS says New Yorkers owe it to the tens of thousands of visitors to that town to eliminate every bit of wickedness to be found within it. But any action of that kind would also eliminate thousands of the visitors. —*Washington Post*.

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"This phonograph is silent," said the indignant tourist, who had deposited his penny.

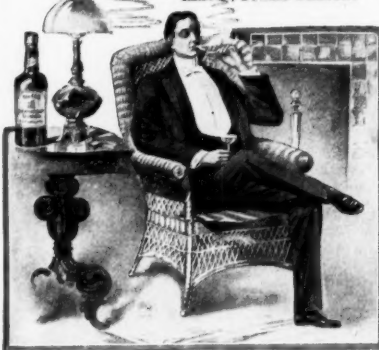
"Of course," responded the genial proprietor, "all it contains is the President's explanation of the advancement of General Wood." — *Phila. Ledger.*

MOST men who marry money earn it. — *St. Joseph News-Press.*

THE red-headed girl may have defects in other ways, but when she says a thing she generally means it. — *Somerville Journal.*

NEARLY every camel in Egypt is said to have been named after President Roosevelt. The same camels are probably named after King Edward when the travelers in Egypt happen to be Englishmen. — *Chicago Record-Herald.*

A Club Cocktail IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base). The following label appears on every bottle:

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G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London

CONCESSIONS.

"Don't you think the railways ought to make some concessions to the people?"

"We do make concessions," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Some of us railway men are rich enough to run trains entirely for our own pleasure and convenience. Yet we let the public ride on the cars." — *Washington Star.*

DR. OSLER says hope is one of the best medicines people can have. A good thing about such medicine is that one can hardly take an overdose of it. — *Chicago Record-Herald.*

OUT of twenty-six years in the navy Peary has had fifteen of absence on leave. His naval service may be represented by a series of blanks, and the rest of his career by dashes. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Good Guide

to many happy summer days can be insured by ordering a supply of

Evans' Ale

The most dependable of all beverages, with its round full mellow flavor, sparkling brilliancy and never varying quality.

Any dealer will supply it, or write to the Brewery.



HUMAN UNREST.

"Everybody has more or less trouble."

"Yes," answered the observant woman. "If a man can't find anything else to worry him he goes to a ball game and gets highly indignant at the umpire." — *Washington Star.*

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

CONVERSATIONAL OPENINGS.



IT is frequently said that conversation among us is a lost art. The cause is not difficult to seek, for the blame must rest upon those of us who trust to the inspiration of the moment for suitable conversation. If the art is to be restored to its original dignity, spontaneous rejoinders will not be its saviors. Those students who prepare themselves for conversation in the seclusion of their closets, before mingling in society, will alone bear themselves worthily in the war of words. They will find no trouble in "breaking the ice," as the process is vulgarly called. They will be sought and admired, while the mere clods, who trust, like Micawber, to "something turning up" will be left to their own sorry devices.

It is for the purpose of suggesting the methods that should be pursued by the serious student of conversation that a few examples of common remarks and their proper treatment have been collected by the author.

Once the idea is caught, the student can continue without assistance, for when the simplest conversational openings are mastered, higher branches of the subject present little or no difficulty.

One of the commonest remarks, that one to which the young conversationalist will be most frequently exposed, perhaps, is "How do you do?" To respond briefly "Quite well, thank you," is to exhaust the subject at once, and to throw the onus of finding another topic upon its promoter, a desirable result only when one has failed to profit by the hints that are here offered. But a note of innocent gaiety is at once struck when the reply is "Everybody." As a variation the phrase "I do as I please" may be adopted. When the latter is used, the remark should be made with the utmost insouciance. Otherwise it might be construed as a rebuff.

"How are you?" is an opening susceptible of two distinct methods of repartee. When the accent falls on the second word, the intention of the speaker is not to inform himself as to your health. He would be only bored if you were to describe your symptoms. This form of address then must be treated as a mere salutation. It may be dismissed with a polite bow, into which a soupçon of dignity should be interjected. When the accent falls upon the word "you," it is evident that the inquirer is in pursuit of knowledge. If he should be a man, tell him in low, hurried tones the exact condition of affairs. If you are not able to give a racy description of an indisposition felt at that moment, say that just now you are well, but that "not long ago," or "in childhood," etc., etc., relating any piquant details. It is the least return you can make for his courtesy in interesting himself. Should your interrogator be a lady, do not betray any symptoms of real disease, no matter whether it exists or not. A long step is taken if you answer softly "Would yeoww care?" Draw out the middle word as much as possible, and look passionately but respectfully at the lady. We assume, of course, you as an honorable man are free to do this.

Although people have been discussing the weather for centuries it is deplorable that so little originality distinguishes their remarks. One who can comment upon the atmospheric conditions in a new, fresh way is assured of a welcome into the best circles. To the inevitable "It's a fine day," or "Isn't it miserable weather?" the ordinary "It is" must be considered a feeble and inadequate reply. As for "Sure" it is a vulgarism and should be employed with great caution. To the former remark we would suggest a harmless anecdote introduced thus: "This glorious weather reminds me of the day when—" and continue with whatever little story occurs to you. It need not have any connection with the weather, but by the time you are well launched on your narrative the other will be so engrossed as to have forgotten your pardonable ruse.

Should the original remark take the form of a criticism in which the word "miserable" occurs, answer with sprightliness, "Oh! I guess the weather isn't miserable, but us poor miserable offenders!" This reply, while making no ostentatious display of religious convictions, will yet indicate a familiarity with the Anglican service, and win respect from the listener, tinged with the merriment your quip is bound to inspire.

Should the word "miserable" not be used, but the opening remark be still a complaint affect to have misunderstood, exclaim "Miserable?" and then proceed as above.

In the event of being late to a dinner or other function, and being playfully rallied by the hostess, the proper retort is: "Well, someone must be last, and it might as well be me." The last seven words should be sung as in the "Floridora Sextette." This gives one an admirable opportunity to inquire if you sing, the few notes you have uttered being insufficient data on which to form a sound opinion. If nobody makes this remark continue to hum in a careless manner, and it is bound to come. In the extraordinary event of there being no response whatever, you might casually remark, after making a humming noise for a few moments, that it is amazing how a tune haunts one, and thus direct the conversation into musical channels.

"Are you acquainted with Miss So and So?" is a common query. If it can be answered in the affirmative, well and good, the conversation is fairly launched. If you are not acquainted reply frankly, "No, unfortunately, but I have the pleasure of knowing Miss Such and Such." Then proceed to discuss her, but always in choice language, such that the lady's mother might hear without offence.

Or another and more intimate turn is given the conversation by remarking, "Ah! What care I for her, when thou art near?" The archaic style employed robs the remark of any appearance of forwardness, and no cultured lady could resent it.

Should your vis-à-vis show signs of hauteur, you must recover yourself immediately by tapping in a deprecating manner on her knee or shoulder, to indicate that your remark was conceived in a purely facetious spirit. This pleasantry will restore her good spirits, and she will laugh heartily.

Should the lady be elderly, substitute "thy daughter," or "thy younger sister," as the case may be; and instead of tapping good-naturedly on the shoulder, softly pry in ribs with carefully manicured forefinger.

J. V. McArce.

THE "MASTERS" OF YESTER YEAR.



H, where are the "Masters" of yester year,
 The wondrous men whose books we read:—
 Those "brilliant," "classic" charming folk
 Whose mighty thoughts broadcast were shed?
 Their "greatest novels" that ever were writ
 Had old man Thackeray beat by a mile,
 And Dickens and Eliot all to the bad,
 And Hawthorne's name the sign for a smile.
 "The Bleeders," "The Bifiers," and "Caroline
 Sniffers;"
 And the "Garrulous Ghost of Graustark Inn;"
 "The Man on the Trunk," and "Old Sam Strong,"—
 Oh, where are they, in this year's din?
 Oh, where are the names that shone in print
 And illumined the page of deathless fame:—
 The great, the mighty, the only, the true,—
 The fellows that wrote to Shakespeare's shame?
 Perhaps we won't find them on Glory's roll;
 Perhaps their fame has reached the North pole;
 In short, there's a sort of frosty frost
 On the books we read for the coin they cost,
 And we wonder, sometimes, how great are the great
 Who advertise early and advertise late,
 And mention Charles Dickens with almost a sneer—
 Oh, where are the "Masters" of yester year?

Fred. Ladd.

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

"U-H-WE-LL, SAIL," judiciously remarked old Brother Quackenboss. "I isn't parsin' no 'pinions on de eppersody, one way or de tudder, muhse'f, but dess givin' yo' de skin and bones of de puhseedin's and leavin' yo' to draw yo' own exclusions. 'Twuz dis-uh-way: Endurin' of de funyal, uh-whilest Pahson Bagster was deliverin' of as comp'imentary an address to de cawpse as yo' most ever listened to, a section of de plaster, 'bout dat wide and mebbly dis long, fotched loose fum de ceilin' and 'scended on de Pahson's head and knocked him senseless—Yassah, put him plumb out'n business for de time bein'! Well, uh-cou'se, yo' know, de orgies hatter go on—uh-kaze dar was de cawpse and dar was de 'semblage, uh-waitin' wid polite impatience—

but dar wasn't a-nudder preacher to be 'had; so Puhfessah Toombs, de undertaker, stepped into de britch, as yo' mought say, wid his mouf uh-snappin' like a steel-trap, and says he, sawtah dognatiously:

"Yo'-all will please make note, Bruddren and Sistahs, dat I takes muh stand right whuh de Pahson stood, uh-kaze fum de place whuh de plaster done fell down dar kain't no mo' plaster fall down, uh-kaze it's plumb done down and th'oo fallin', no matter how bad I stretches de troof; and wid dese few words of 'splanation I'll puh-seed, not uh-kaze I's stuck on de lamentable, but uh-kaze I takes a puhfessional pride in muh Art and admires to have de celebration go off fitten and shipshape—wid de fudder conformation dat dis yuh isn't muh pussional sediments (not by sev'ral, uh-kaze our depahted feller-citizen, uh-lyin' dar, done owes me a balance of six dollahs on de funyal of his fou'th wife)—I'll puhseed to read fum dis yuh book de remahks dat was writ to be used in a burial at sea, b'lievin' dat dey sounds solemmncholy enough to fit de 'casion and far enough fum de troof not to cause no mo' plasterin' to fall."

"And den he done so. Dat's de way 'twuz, Brudder Bosanko—yo' can cut it over to suit yo' own bias."

Tom P. Morgan.

PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER.

U NCLE EZRY (after the arrival of the first guest at his niece's reception).—Marthy! Marthy! Lemme whisper to ye. Yer friend's dress is a-comin' right off onto th' floor.

HIS NIECE.—S-h-h-h! Her gown is made that way. That is the train.

U NCLE EZRY.—That's all right, but I know whut I'm a-talkin' about. Jest look whur th' other end of it is!

WHERE THE LAUGH CAME IN.

Q UOTH a Persian, who lived rather near an
 Author of jokes: "When I fear an
 Attack of the blues,
 I have only to choose
 To recall that our town is 'Te-he-ran.'"

THE HOUR AND THE PLAN.

T HE WEALTHY ONE.—I don't want any insurance. I'm in no danger of dying poor.

T HE AGENT.—But, let me explain. This is an up-to-date scheme to insure you against the horrors of dying rich.

"ON EVERY TONGUE"

I. W. Harper Rye

Hard To Get Along Without

SOLD BY Leading Dealers

ABOUT this time the rest of the Smith family must be thankful that the mayor of San Francisco spells his name "Schmitz" and wears his hair pompadour and his whiskers à la Alphonse.—*Washington Post.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
 "Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
 Invaluable in the Home and Office.

MAYBE, if Mark Twain had not got those white winter suits and worn them, he would never have received from Oxford that degree of bachelor of letters. The man who advertises can never tell where all the results will appear.—*Columbus Dispatch.*



COULD BELIEVE IT THEN.

MR. VAPHANK.—By gum, if the glass don't say Fair! I wish I wuz one o' them Christian Science fellers.

Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Bitters. At drug-gists and grocers.

THE KIND HE DRANK.

They were discussing the legal requirement that the label set forth all there is in whiskey.

"Can't be done," said one, firmly.

"Why not?"

"Say," responded the other, "I'm no chemist, but what I have found in whiskey myself would make a list longer than a freak menagerie poster; and read about the same, too, I guess," he added, thoughtfully.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

To secure the genuine ask for the Bitters by name, "Underberg." All the imitations, of which there are many, fall short of the original. The most delicious of all cordial liqueurs and tonics. Creates an appetite, and makes good digestion certain. Ask for "UNDERBERG" at your Club, Hotel or Restaurant, and keep it for use at home. Enjoyable as a Cocktail and better for you. Best flavoring bitter for cherry or mixed drinks is "UNDERBERG." Over 6,000,000 bottles imported to U. S. Bottled only by H. Underberg Albrecht, Rheims, Germany, since 1846. **LUYTIES BROTHERS** 204 William Street, New York.

Underberg
The World's Best
Bitters

SHOPPING.

A shop is hard to understand,
 Its ways are very strange;
 A minute for your purchase and
 A half hour for your change.
 —*Washington Star.*

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THE PUCK PRESS

—AND THE CAR THEY WOULD LIKE TO GIVE HIM, SHOULD HE RUN AGAIN.